Volume LXV CHICAGO, AUGUST 4, 1910 Number 23

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Tower Hill Wisconsin

Fifth Annual Woman's Congress, August 12-14, 1910

FRIDAY EVENING. Address of Welcome, Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Response and Address by Miss L. E. Stearns, Chairman.

SATURDAY. Addresses by Miss Abby Marlatt, Director of Household Economics, University of Wisconsin, **The Farmer's Home;** Mrs. Alice I. Kaine, Milwaukee, Wis., **The Great Problem;** Miss Rose Purdue, State Factory Inspector, Milwaukee, Wis., **The Big Sister Movement,** and Mrs. J. A. Strathearing, Kaukauna, Wis., **Federation.** In the afternoon dedication of the new Anne Mitchell Memorial Library. Saturday Evening, Readings by Miss Zona Gale, of Portage, and other exercises.

SUNDAY MORNING, August 14. It is expected that the leading address will be made by Rev. Charles Beals, Secretary of the Chicago Peace Society.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON. Memorial Services for Mrs. Grace Lloyd Jones, the late lamented Secretary of the Congress. Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Sunday evening program to be announced.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXV. THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1910. NUMBER 23.

May I be friends to all the trees;
To birds, and blossoms and the bees;
To things that creep, and things that hide
Through all the teeming country-side;
On terms with all the stars at night,
With all their playful beams of light;
In love with leafy dales and hills,
And with the laughing mountain rills;
With summer skies, and winter snows;
With every kind of breeze that blows;
The wide sea and the stretching plain,
The tempest and the falling rain—
If I were thus what need had I
To fear Death's solemn mystery
That takes me from the world's alarms
And lays me in earth's loving arms?
—*John Kendrick Bangs.*

A "Maker of Programs" writes us cheerfully, apparently unmindful of the pathos that lies beneath the gentle sarcasm. The words are written to one who could have a fellow-feeling, and may set the complacent readers of UNITY, if there are such, thinking. "Like you, I am trying to make an attractive program with no money for speakers. Of course we cannot ask men and women to pay for their intellectual food when they have to pay so much for their fine clothes, fine things to eat, automobiles, and other things nice to have. If I can persuade them to come to the meeting and listen intelligently, I shall be satisfied."

Hennepin County, Minnesota, containing the city of Minneapolis, has a progressive Republican League, which has adopted a political platform which may well be copied by every city in the land. It is a platform which commends itself quite as promptly to right minded Democrats as to right minded Republicans. It calls upon the party to "Shake off the domination of the direct beneficiaries of the present tariff," referring the whole problem to a "genuine tariff commission." It denounces the "virulent influence" of certain big interests in the Republican party, it favors the enactment by Congress of laws for the conservation of natural resources, laws regulating the issue of stocks and bonds, the abolition of "Cannonism" and "Aldrichism," the physical valuation of all public service corporations, the adoption of the initiative referendum and recall, a county option law, a state-wide primary election system, including all officials and the United States Senator, it advocates the income tax and a rigid state civil service law. This is a notable platform, but is it "Republican," is it "Democratic," as the words are used for party shibboleth? Is it not the new platform of a new party, really forming, but as yet not christened?

The last number of the *New York Times* speaks of a leading church in New York City as disposing of its property for $660,000, a site which it has occupied since 1885, during which time it has been exempt from taxes, an exemption which would be a fortune in itself. This it says should be added to the unearned increment. Mayor Gaynor has recently advocated a closer examination of this list of exemptions. The church in question is said to be the Unitarian All Souls Church, over which Dr. Bellows presided so long. UNITY believes that it would be better for religion if the churches were put on the tax lists. It would throw their privileges where they belong, among the needs of the community deserving the support which they often do not get. It would eliminate the superfluous churches that exist for controversial or traditional purposes chiefly, leaving those that remain to justify their existence by service. It would also eliminate the weaklings who persist in classing their church among the charities and doling out their support of the same as they do their alms. But this tax question must not be pushed too far. All Souls Church of New York City has paid its taxes a thousand times over in its contributions to the civic life, not only of New York, but of the United States. Dr. Bellows helped organize and was the efficient president of the Sanitary Commission, which was an unique contribution to the forces that saved the Union. It is easy to count up the financial loss to the city by the non-payment of taxes on the real estate, but no one can estimate the value to the city of one enkindled prophet or one haven for tired souls, in sympathy, consolation and inspiration to the thoughtless multitude.

The Chicago Citizenship Congress, which is made up of the various men's clubs in connection with the churches of Chicago of all names reaching from the Catholic to the Jewish congregations, in its platform adopted May 24 last makes the following declarations:

We declare that the responsibility for civic righteousness rests with the men who, according to their own free choice, profess a religious faith and that if such men do not vigilantly perform the duties of citizenship they have no right to expect those duties to be unselfishly performed by others.

We believe that every religious organization should have a men's club connected therewith and that such clubs should study in some earnest, practical, and definite way the needs of their own locality, of the city, and of the commonwealth; and we declare our positive conviction that such efforts will speedily exert a strong influence for good and eventually result in making such clubs the civic rallying points of their immediate neighborhoods. We therefore urge the religious organizations which at present have no men's club connected with them to organize one forthwith and we also urge all men who desire a better Chicago to joint the men's club of that religious organization which is most convenient for them.

We declare for the right of individual judgment in all matters of religion and shall scrupulously refrain from any interference with the autonomy of individual churches, congregations and denominations, but we shall labor to provide a central body by which all these men can unite in the interest of the essential elements of good citizenship.

We further declare our belief as follows:

1. That this congress by uniting the religious forces of the community affords the opportunity for men of religious faith to voice their desire, recognizing however that in a democracy any enactment against the will of the majority is futile and unavailing;
2. That this congress will gladly coöperate with all other organizations that are working to attain the same general ends;
3. That municipal government is a business proposition and not a political reward;
4. That the average citizen desires the best government that can be obtained and that while we differ on many political details there remain enough essential principles, not yet fully in execution, on which all decent citizens are agreed to completely occupy our time and engage our efforts;
5. That any public servant who either declines or neglects to perform his sworn duty should be discharged at the earliest opportunity;
6. That the direct primary is a public necessity and that it cannot be made too direct;
7. That the betrayal of public trust is the supreme treason of peace;
8. That the people are responsible for their own political servants and that the corrupt politician can only succeed by the foolishness or negligence of good citizens.

A tender-hearted reader of UNITY sends us one of the distressing newspaper clippings that reveal the agony visited upon innocent animals in the vivisection room and says, "I don't know how you stand on the vivisection question, but I cut this out of a journal to send you, etc." UNITY has often expressed itself on vivisection, in a way that probably satisfies neither side of the debate, which so promptly lands in intensity, if not bitterness of feeling. That a vast amount of unjustifiable cruelty is inflicted upon helpless victims in the physiological laboratories of medical schools and colleges, we have no doubt. Experiments upon living tissue of any kind whatsoever perpetrated in order to satisfy idle curiosity or to demonstrate that which is already known is refined barbarism, and should be not only visited with the indignant condemnation of right-minded people but should be prohibited by the most efficient and strenuous legislation practical. But, on the other hand, we believe that the law of sacrifice is as profound and inevitable as the law of cruelty is wicked and avoidable. All life is a process of sacrifice. The biological structure as well as the historical development of man is built on sacrifice. The lower life is ruthlessly dedicated to the development of the higher. In the lower realms of being it is enforced, in the higher realms it is deliberately accepted. What is the conscious choice of the saint, the hero and the sage cannot wholly be avoided by the humbler kindred, who must mutely take the measure of joy that life carries and as mutely surrender the same. Death is sure and inevitable to the quadruped as to the biped, the canine and feline as to the human, and we cannot be blind to the evidence that science benignly administered has eliminated the woes and prolonged the life of both the human and the sub-human by the stern dispensations of the law of sacrifice. We would ask of the dog no sacrifice that is not demanded of the human. Circumstances have arisen and will arise again in the life of every one when duty rides in the carriage of suffering, and life is served by the sacrifice of the same. This is the principle which may be briefly stated, accepted perhaps, in the abstract, but its application is a part of life's great perplexity and carries with it an agony of the spirit that exceeds oftentimes the agony of the physical involved in the perplexity.

An Up-to-Date Political Platform

We are obliged to the *San Francisco Bulletin* for the following "crisp statement" of the personal platform of Mr. William Kent, who is now in the midst of a strenuous political campaign pending in the Second California District. The progressive elements of the Republican party, sick of the sophistry, selfishness and "smooth work" that have prostituted so many of our lawmakers in Washington, have put Mr. Kent in nomination as a candidate for Congress. The *Bulletin* characterizes the address from which the following extracts have been taken, as "Remarkable for its grasp of the big issues before the Nation, and for its fearless straightforwardness. * * * He placed himself definitely on the side of the Insurgents, declared himself a supporter of Union labor, a lowering of the Tariff, and a revenue derived from the tax of incomes and the lands of the rich. He pleads for conservation, not only of forests, coal mines, water power, but of the lives and health of the workers." The readers of UNITY have every reason to know that the *Bulletin* is right in saying that "Mr. Kent spoke from the deep conviction gained from years of earnest thinking." UNITY believes that Mr. Kent's campaign has far wider significance than the interests of the particular district that can consider him at the polls, and so we make room for this platform, abstracted from the opening speech of his campaign, made to the neighbors of San Rafael, among whom he grew up from a boy, and to whom he told how he used to ride to school with his "saddle-bags filled with rocks to throw at the boys who were ready in ambush to throw rocks at him." He said:

"I am not a pugnacious man; I am not looking for a fight.

"I could very well have njoyed myself without getting into this fight. But I feel that there is really an emergency in this country today. The insurgents need men to help them in Congress. I feel that the insurgents are standing for the right things—for the things that will give the average man a better chance in the world. They are a body of men working consistently toward the equalization of opportunity. It seemed to me that unless this body of men was helped it might be suffocated by the powers that have been running this country in the interests of greed and wealth. I do not pretend to be a poor man myself. I am not very rich, but I am not very poor, and I want to tell you that all my sympathies are with the average man. Though property rights should be protected, men are more in need of service in Washington now than property rights.

"The focus of the fight seems to me to be in the conservation movement. We know that this movement is founded in justice and is working along just lines. The conservation movement began with the idea of protecting the national forests. Then came the anthracite coal strikes, and it was then that the country woke up to the fact that its resources were not created by Mr. Baer or any other millionaire. Then came the idea, naturally, of preserving those great coal lands and other resources from waste. Along the lines of the conservation movement is the agitation to protect the lives and well being of the workers. The measure compelling the railroads to supply air brakes to reduce loss of life, especially among their workers, is a part of the conservation movement.

* * *

"In Chicago I found it was always the excuse of the boodler that he had to pass discreditable votes and rob the whole city in order to get benefits for his own district, but the claim was not true. It is not necessary to sacrifice the common welfare. But, without doing that, I intend to do the best I can for this district."

This platform is good for any latitude in the United States:

"I feel that the insurgents are standing for the right things—for the things that will give the average man a better chance in the world. . . . I want to get in and help these men."

"This high tariff is simply a means of taking money out of one man's pocket and putting it into another man's pocket—and it generally gets into the wrong pocket."

"When a millionaire can roll over in bed and wake up and find his millions increased without his doing anything, and when it is the tariff that gives him that increase, I want to see the tariff changed."

"I very much believe in union labor. . . . People have to help themselves. . . . And what chance has the unorganized man to benefit himself?"

"I do not believe there can be any freedom of contract between a rich man or a rich corporation, with money in the bank and the ability to wait, and the poor man employed by them, with himself and his family within a week of starvation."

"I am a thorough believer in an income tax."

"I will tell you frankly that I do not believe I am entitled to the money I make out of land speculation."

"I do not believe this district would want to send a man into the national government who would sacrifice his own personal respect and the great national issues for a chance to favor his own locality. At the same time I shall be just as diligent as I can in seeking to benefit this district."

"Men are more in need of protection in Washington now than property rights."

Blaspheme not thou thy sacred life, nor turn
O'er joys that God hath for a season lent
Perchance to try thy spirit and its bent,
Effeminate soul and base—weakly to mourn.
There lies no desert in the land of life:
For e'en that tract that barrenest doth seem,
Labored of thee in faith and hope, shall teem
With heavenly harvests, and rich gatherings, rife.
Haply no more, music and mirth and love,
And glorious things of old and younger art,
Shall of thy days make one perpetual feast:
But when these bright companions all depart,
Lay there thy head upon the ample breast
Of Hope,—and thou shalt hear the angels sing above.

—*Frances Anne Kemble.*

THE PULPIT

The People and Social Justice

I. WHO ARE THE PEOPLE AND WHAT IS SOCIAL JUSTICE?

Rev. Edwin A. Rumball, Pastor of the Unitarian Church, Rochester, N. Y.

We purpose to consider together for a month the subject of social justice and its relation to the people. On this occasion we shall limit ourselves to defining whom we are thinking of, when we speak of "the people," and what we mean by "social justice." The three following sermons will endeavor to answer these questions: "Do the People Want Social Justice?" "Who are the People that are for and Against Social Justice?" and last of all, "How May the People Obtain Social Justice?" While each sermon will be a unit of itself, we really plan but one sermon four Sundays long.

The task we have set before us is not an easy one. It is not that the subjects are difficult in themselves, but the manner in which we wish to treat them is. We want to look on these subjects, not as social topics so much as deeply religious themes.

There was a period in the history of Hebrew religion when it was evidence of great religious power that a prophet could carry the religion of the nation home to the heart of the individual. Today it is an equal sign of religious genius if we can carry the piety of our individual lives out into the heart of the nations of the world. One of the greatest tests of religious power today is the way in which religion expresses itself socially. Religion is not an intruder on the subject of Social Justice, it obtains its right to speak and act from the fact that all social problems are moral problems on a large scale. Even where we excuse the moral obligation of the individual because of a system of which he is a member; as, for example, in our system of industrialism, so-called, the problem created was ethical in its origin, and will need moral, fully as much as economic and political force to end it. Back of all good politics and good economics is man's religious sense of everlasting justice. In a recent sympathetic study of American unrest, particularly of the movement for honesty in political administration, Ferrero, the distinguished Italian historian writes, "This movement is the instructive reaction of a society that still remembers having lived under a simple and austere code of morals and which rebels against the moral disorder produced by a refined and complicated civilization. It is the protest of eternal, universal, elementary morality."

If we had time we might see how frequently in the history of the race this religious sense of justice has found religious advocates. The famous interview between Savonarola and Lorenzo de Medici can satisfy us as typical of all such prophets from Amos to Theodore Parker. It will be recalled that as a condition of absolution the fearless monk asked three things of the dying tyrant. First, living faith in God's mercy. Second, the restoration of his ill-gotten wealth. And last, liberty again for the people of Florence. The response of Lorenzo was an acquiescence to all but the last. At the hour of death it is not hard to restore ill-gotten

gain, but it is as hard as ever to give social justice, and when men say that they would rather die than do it, it is the religious sense of justice that withholds the comfort of sins forgiven. The religion which in that century could not forgive the socially unjust, however vital their faith in God or their restitution of money to the poor, cannot afford to pass lightly by such injustice today.

This attitude is not only essential to religion itself, but to the solution of all our social problems. Men are right in refusing to hear the pulpit lecture on politics and economics, the layman is frequently justified in discounting his minister's knowledge of such subjects, but the pulpit has laid on it an undoubtable obligation to contribute the religious sense of justice as its message. Our social conclusions will be false if they are not reached with light from all quarters, most of all from that beacon of human progress, *the soul* of a man. All questions are ultimately religious and for the true religious man there is nothing secular under the sun. Thus all our urging as we speak of the people and social justice, will not be towards the encouragement of politics or economics in our lives, but towards the simple practice of our religion.

But to come definitely to our first question, who are the people? It is significant of the change that is being felt by many men and women of this nation, that this simple question needs to be asked. In most parts of Europe the people form a distinct class over against the nobility, but with the increase of wealth and industrial power this class has become more limited, both in Europe and here, and we are already speaking of the poor and the unprivileged as the people, even where we have found no names for those outside this time-honored group. Now, from the religious standpoint it is essential that no mechanical divisions be made in our thought of the people. At the same time it is just as essential that no idealistic vagueness blind us to the real problems of our definition. From time to time, many who are themselves true to the democratic institutions of our country, ardently protest against the use of the word "classes." The worst part is as Rauschenbusch remarks, not the word, but the thing. A class has been defined as a body with common privileges, interests and ideals, and however democratic our country has been or will be, it is not possible to ignore the fact that the privileges, interests and ideals of groups of our citizens especially in the sphere of industry have so clashed, that a class consciousness has been produced. The thing is here and while our ideal may be freedom, the thing we must work for now is that each group of men receive equal justice. But it must not be forgotten that we cannot have true democracy and also class distinctions. Whether we speak of classes or not, there is a terrible injustice in the land needing description when, for example, Senator Clark can build in New York a seven million dollar mansion and in Manhattan over sixty thousand families are evicted through inability to pay rent, a rate of eviction, by the way, that is many times worse than the famous peasant evictions of Ireland. Senator Clark and the evicted tenant may have been "born equal," may have political equality, and in this sense both may belong to one class, but it is foolish to say that the vast differences between their conditions can be ignored by the human consciousness. Class or no class, there is certainly a great deal in our modern life to justify the refusal of the tenant to call the millionaire one of the people.

But when we are asked to define who are the people, we must consider which side of American life we believe in, for our definition must relate itself to social justice, even more than to the facts presented by our life of today. With us there *must be* malice toward none and charity for all. It has been the boast of religion for ages that it is no respecter of persons, that saint and sinner may equally enjoy the best the church has to give, that with God the rich and poor are both precious. It is true that the great prophets of religion have often taken the side of the poor and oppressed against the rich and powerful, but it has been done in the spirit of reverence for the human soul. True social justice loves before it condemns and denounces, it forgives before it punishes, and in every fearless attack it makes on injustice, its motive is to save the unjust as much as to save those who suffer the injustice. No one has a right to preach the wrath of God unless he can do it with the tears of God in his eyes. In order to obtain social justice we cannot afford to let even the tyrant or millionaire be outside our definition of the people. The democracy of God, like his love, is "wider than the measures of man's mind," and all who insist on the artificial lines that are appearing among some of us today are the enemies of that democracy. The little, fifteen-year-old Russian Jew shirtwaist maker who told in Faneuil Hall the story of her arrest, incidentally said the last word in democracy. "The judge he say, 'How long you been in this country?' I say, 'Two year.' He say, 'You go workshop (workhouse) five days.' So I go workshop five days. I see many womens there. One womens she say, 'I bad womens; you not come near me.' I say, 'What you mean? Not we all peoples?' " Are not we all people? Let Labor Union and Corporation, Socialist and Capitalist learn this by no means easy lesson, but a lesson essential to democracy, "Not we all peoples?"

Let us pass on to the other half of our subject. The modern interest in Social Justice is not the attempt to cure a modern problem. Greatly as modern industrialism may have increased that injustice, there has always been social injustice in the world, the oppression of the weak by the powerful. Not only were Egyptian pyramids and Roman roads built with social injustice, but it seems to have been everywhere in the ancient world. The world that the first Christians knew was socially unjust, and the lot of the poor was such that every man boasting a particle of religion had to take their side. The beatitude, "Blessed are ye poor for yours is the kingdom of heaven," was almost inevitable, and for some, the poor man and the godly man were the same person. There are probably many reasons why we are hearing so much on behalf of social justice today, but it would seem that one reason is that the industrial era that began with the introduction of machinery is drawing to a crisis. A pitiful wage has taken the place of the goods our forefathers produced, and men and women, and even little children are becoming more and more merely parts of a huge heartless industrial machine. Whatever may be the enormous prosperity that it has brought to the country, or development it has given to our commerce, it is showing itself socially inefficient, and thereby religiously inefficient. It is making too many millionaires and paupers, too much animosity and jealous strife; it is not making men more

social and religious but more selfish. A further reason for the modern interest in the subject we may note as the increase of man's religious sense of justice. Righteousness has led us to look for rights, and has laid upon us certain duties to obtain rights for others. The preaching of character as the goal of success is leading men to refuse wealth as the evidence of success. Our insistence of the value of the individual led us to acknowledge democracy in our government, and the growing acknowledgment that no property is so precious as a human soul is leading us to desire that same democracy in our industry. We simply cannot have a democracy with political equality and industrial inequality. A country so divided against itself cannot stand, and almost all the evils present in our great political experiment today are due to the half measures which we mistakenly call democracy. The old message is yet uncontradicted, the cure for the evils of democracy is more democracy.

Some may say, indeed do say, that we *have* social justice and that the best way to define it is simply to point to the world of today. These people declare that there always will be misery in the world, and always plenty to create discontent. But while this may be partly true, life in our best modern cities does not bear out the optimist. Charles Booth found a London family disappearing in three generations, and the amount of vice and poverty which causes this in London and similar results in all of our cities, comes only from social injustice. Landless, propertyless, hopeless in the abyss of our cities, thousands cry for social justice. Of course, there will always be sorrow in the world, unhappiness will come to almost any condition; but today we have misery that cannot be called accidental, but which is becoming everlastingly uniform. There are some well worn grooves of misery that are sufficiently defined to forbid that we should pass them by. The groove of misery caused by poverty and the unjust wages of our present competitive system is well defined. We know that the laboring man does not receive a just percentage of his production in thousands of instances. Machinery was one of God's blessings to man, but we did not begin its use with justice, and instead of lightening the labors of men it has only increased them. The peasant serfs of the middle ages were not in greater social misery than those in the squalid, destitute rooms in many of our modern cities. The need for social justice is too great for the religious man to deny. In indicating the meaning of social justice, it is necessary to distinguish it from social work. We have probably all engaged in social work. We have taught girls to keep house and boys to use tools. We have helped in the Settlement and the Charity Organization, and it is all good. Nothing should ever be said against these efforts which have done so much to keep religion a live thing in our lives. But social justice is more than philanthropy, or, rather philanthropy only becomes really such when it brings about social justice. The Tuberculosis Campaigners are right in asking for "not charity but justice." It is not a charity for a landlord to erase a bad tenement, but justice. It is not what he is kind enough to do, but what he *ought* to do. Social work is good so far as it goes, but social justice would try to make social work unnecessary.

The prime and perhaps only quality necessary in human society in order to have social justice is the spirit of the family. Let the unit of the social organism develop till it becomes the social organism, a democracy of citizens with common duties, common rights under the great common Father.

Such a justice would at least require a stewardship in all property. The poor man who says that he has a right to own the property of the rich man is as socially unjust in his demands as the rich man who selfishly calls all he possesses his own. There is no private property in the ideal family and religion will not cease its cry for social justice till that group which gave religion its best name for God and its best name for fellowmen, shall become all mankind, a brotherhood of man with a fatherhood of God. Such a justice requires a social equality that is one of the most charming elements of true democracy. Of course, social equality is often ridiculed as if it meant the production of the average, "some brains in head and some money in pocket." But men can have many natural differences and yet possess social equality. The maid should be the social equal of her mistress. That she is not is largely the fault of the half-hearted democracy of our time; and given a thorough democracy it will be one of the easiest things to develop social equality with vast natural differences. When we all walk humbly with our God, we shall act more often as if the peanut man on our street corner were our brother. His manhood is worth more than our property, and there will be no order of social justice until we carry that recognition to its full logical consequences.

But when we have all these things, the call for an even nobler, sweeter religion will be upon us. When we have sought justice for our brothers, and loved mercy for our sisters, it will yet remain as the one great task of humanity to walk humbly with its God.

Tower Hill Letter

The Tower Hill Summer School opened Sunday, July 17, with a gathering of hill and valley residents in the Emerson Pavilion and a sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones introductory to the four weeks' studies in religion which are this season concerned with the last year in the seven-years' course, "The Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion," made up of biographical studies of the great religious teachers from Erasmus to Emerson. It is a serious undertaking to survey this field in twenty lessons and impart to each topic enough of color and vividness to make a lasting impression, though there is a certain advantage in the necessarily severe economy of detail and rigid choice of subject. That this advantage is practical as well as theoretical, is proved by the warmth of discussion often generated in the class, which ranges in years from thirteen to seventy-nine, and whose enthusiasm is the highest, that of youngest or oldest, it is not always easy to tell. The welcome presence of a small orthodox contingency, including an Episcopalian, a Friend, and a member of the United Presbyterian communion, in this stronghold of heresy, has rendered such topics as the relation of Henry VIII. to the Reformation and the basis of the Apostolic Succession live questions of present-day application, while the remotest historical references have connected themselves with the present in vital and unexpected ways. The lesson on Puritanism, with its memory text, "Freedom hath yet a work for us to

do," showed the same mighty forces still working in our modern world, and were brought home with great texts from Browning's "Strafford" and Lowell's "A Glance Behind the Curtain"; and the fact was brought out that these delicate questions which in our public schools must be taught so sparingly and therefore at the best so unsatisfactorily in the history class, may find their noblest treatment in the class in literature, where the everlasting yea and nay are driven home by the seers and sages, for no one questions the poets or calls them to a too severe accounting.

Two evenings a week are given to the poets, geographically classified. One evening it was the poets of Canada, including the gifted Roberts family, and not forgetting dear Dr. Drummond, with his "Johnny Courteau" and "The Habitant." No place so fitting for these lovers of field and wood as our meeting place under the trees with an occasional whippoorwill chiming in to make good his part in the program. Another evening was given to the poets of Australia who, true to the manor born, are rich in horse poems and sheep-shearing songs. It was a surprise to some of us to learn that one of these, one A. B. Patterson, born in New South Wales, is second only to Kipling in popularity in the England of today. And some of us confessed that we had forgotten his name if we had ever heard it! Perhaps almost the only name among them all familiar to the average American reader is that of Alfred Domett, English by birth but a New Zealander by adoption, friend of Browning, the original of his "Waring," and author of two of the finest Christmas poems in the English language.

A new feature of the school this season is Miss Charity Dye, teacher of English in the Shortridge High School of Indianapolis, with her two weeks' work on the Hill in composition. Miss Dye is extracting stories and promises to extract poems from the most hopeless of subjects, self-considered. Some who stared in dull and blank-eyed skepticism when told a week ago that it was in their power to write stories, are now deep in "plots," "motives," "foreshadowing," "character touches" and the rest, and "storiettes" bearing such titles as "The Red Vase," "The Robin's Wing" and the like are now well on their way towards their climaxes and conclusions. Yet there are still those who doubt the Moses miracle of the rock and streams of water in the wilderness! But, jesting aside, I should like to say the words of truth and soberness in praise of this remarkable work, of which a well-known high-school principal from Madison speaks in most unqualified approval. I have known many teachers of English who might profit greatly by Miss Dye's wise methods and surefooted enthusiasms. Concerning this course there is but one regret on Tower Hill—that there are not more teachers present to profit by it.

The new "Government Building," the Library and Post-office, which has been more than once mentioned in UNITY, is now completed, to the joy of every cliff dweller as well as that of the founder, "promoter," architect and builder, Miss Bertha Howe herself, for it is a gem to please the eye as well as a convenience and an intellectual center for the future. It is to be dedicated in August, at the conclusion of the Woman's Club Conference, the program for which is in the hands of Miss L. E. Stearns of the Wisconsin State Library Commission, and whose name in connection with any undertaking is a guarantee of excellence in its fulfillment.

The first Sunday evening Vesper service consisted of readings from "Songs from the Hearts of Women," an interesting book compiled by Nicholas Smith, of Milwaukee. The book is what its title would indicate and the leader read poems from Anne Steele, Mrs. Barbauld, Phoebe Hinsdale Brown, Sarah Flower Adams and others. Since then the Sunday evening hour has been given over to the reading and study of hymns, the great religious aspirations of the ages, "the hymns that have helped," as phrased by W. T. Stead in the title of his little hymn compilation. From this fascinating little book in the hands of our leader we learned that there are a half-million hymns in the two hundred languages which represent Christianity and that, among 3,500 people invited by the Editor of *Sunday at Home* to send lists of the hundred English hymns which they loved best, the one receiving the greatest number of votes was "Rock of Ages," the next greatest number being cast for "Abide with Me," as was to be expected. At the last Vesper reading one of the Hill residents gave, by request, a charming rendition of some of the Psalms sung to the old psalm tunes which she had been taught in the United Presbyterian Church of her childhood. In this form they were new to most of us and charmed the ear and the heart with their simple, soulful melodies. It was an illustration of the theme which we might have gone far to seek had not good fortune brought it to our door.

But the Tower Hill Summer School believes solidly that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy"; and last Saturday the first general picnic—but not the last—of the summer was held at the foot of "The Knobs," two magnificent rocks which rise perhaps three hundred feet sheer into the air;—a twenty-mile drive from Tower Hill and home again by the Dodgeville road. The road wound up and up, with the Blue Mounds, the highest summit in Southern Wisconsin, ever climbing into sight. The beautiful drive was as restful as the studies of the week had been inspiring and made a fit preparation for the Sunday quiet which was to follow.

July 26, 1910. EVELYN H. WALKER.

A COLORADO SUNSET

The sky with floating clouds hung low,
Tinged with the gold of ambient glow;
The wide horizon caught the rays
Of sunshine to my soul's amaze;
Wider and brighter spread the fire,
Kindling with joy the heart's desire.
Standing on Denver's lofty height,
To watch the matchless scene that night,
Such golden wealth as ne'er I'd seen
Entranced me with its tender sheen!
The shifting clouds revealed blue sky,
And thoughts arose that God was nigh.
Slowly the shadows hovered round,
And where I stood seemed holy ground.
An angel whispered to me then,—
"This ample glory lives again
To other eyes in welcome dawn,
As on your own it lately shone."
Ah well, I thought, this is no dream,—
Most things that trouble only seem;
Shadows but prove the sun shines on,
Something the heart to rest upon.
The years but mark our good or ill,
But final good to all, God's will!
We'll turn our faces to the light,
Since sunrise follows every night.
Adieu, dear sunset, with thy beams of gold,—
Move downward till thy orient rays unfold!

A. JUDSON RICH.

THE STUDY TABLE

Some Recent Books

THE CONTEMPORARY INTELLECTUAL MOVEMENT

(1) Le Feminisme à l'Epoque de 1848, by Jules Tixerant. Giard et Brière.
(2) Le Roman Social en France au 19 Siècle, by Charles Brun. Giard et Brière.
(3) La Vie Parisienne sous la Restauration, by H. D'Almeras. Albin Michel.
(4) Morceaux Choisis, and (5) Profils et Paysages, by J. B. Dagher. Léon Vanier.
(6) Le Coeur d'Alcyone, by Victor Emile Michelet. Librairie Hermétique.
(7) Maivine, Lucien Rolmer, Ed. Marseille; (8) La Revolution et l'Eglise, A. Mathiez. Armand Colin.

Although France piques herself as being today well in the democratic movement, in one respect she is just emerging from her ancient traditionalism. With all her generosity of ideals in regard to the rights of mankind, she has more or less forgotten woman. This is to say that woman, really majority in point of numbers, has counted as the infinitesimal minority in all considerations of social justice or economic equality. The old Roman prejudice, age-old and blent in the very blood of this Latin people, has been too strong to be uprooted. But now, all the more surprising, and even dramatic, for having so much to overcome, a warm and stirring movement in public speech and in critical literature declares itself openly for the emancipation of the annihilated sex.

The French have found a very expressive word to define all that concerns the liberation and free circulation of the activities of woman. "Feminism" resumes these ideas and these claims. It is the word and the subject of the hour; and for months past no other theme has been so much discussed in lectures, in reunions and in literature, as this much disputed feminism.

Among the many books that contribute to lay a firm basis to these feminist claims, by a historical narration of what the preceding generation of women did to enlarge the feminine life, none is more valuable than the volume of M. Jules Tixerant, "Feminism at the Epoch of 1848" (1). The Second Republic, established after the famous revolution that repudiated the belated and unbrilliant royalty of a Louis Phillippe, was a magnificent outpouring of democratic sentiment. The French women of that period,—and there were veritable leaders among them,—desired their part in a liberation from all those trammels that jealous governmental restrictions and economic fetters had thrown about their lives. But in this old civilization, what difficulties to make good their claims! and how different in France the privileges of the sex, in that year when, in the United States, the first "Congress of Women's Rights" took place without hindrance. Even the clubs founded by women thinkers and journalists were declared unlawful in France, because men, not well disposed to the cause, came in and made disturbance. In this same year of 1848, one of our first women physicians, Elizabeth Blackwell, was admitted to the practice of medicine. It was not until twenty years later that the French government authorized the entrance into this profession by women. M. Tixerant recalls to us the efforts of Pierre Lerous in favor of the political rights of woman,—an intervention in the house of Parliament which won for him the approbation of John Stuart Mill; and the noble efforts for her sex of Jeanne Deroin,—a Lucretia Mott among the French. Both she and the "feminist" deputy, Leroux, finished their days in exile. That great thinker of '48, Louis Blanc, is also cited in the history of this movement for the liberation, both political and economic, of womankind.

Published by the same house, and entering into a similar category of economic studies under the patronage of the "Collège Libre des Sciences Sociales," is the interesting volume of M. Charles Brun, on the "Social Novel in France in the Nineteenth Century" (2). This book is dedicated to the memory of M. Ernest Delbet, the late president of the Collège Libre, and who, at the same time as erudite, philosopher and statesman was veritably one of the most exquisite and noble minds that the Third Republic has known. The author, in recalling his regretted memory, places beside his name that of the actual president, M. Paul Deschanel. As former Speaker of the House of Deputies, and as member of the French Academy, and author of a recent work, much commented on, on the "Organization of the Democracy," M. Deschanel is well known abroad. The book under discussion, "The Social Novel," is both literary and philosophical in character. It studies the reaction of literature on society, and shows in how much this literature is a reflection, a witness or a guide of the social environment in which it is produced. It is undeniable that contemporary French fiction, and even that of a generation ago, is a mine of documents as to the genius of this Latin nation. The English or Germanic literatures, less realistic, less frank toward their social phenomena, do not give in any such proportion a vision of the temper and the spiritual values of their times and national character. M. Charles Brun offers to the student of modern France a magnificent documentation of the "problems" of the French social literature. The thesis novel, the romantic and the naturalistic novel, the treatment of woman, of the priest, of crowds, in the romance of the modern period, all find their illuminating explanation. The book is at once a creation and a precursor.

Perhaps what we care for most in America is that order of French books that lays at our feet, so to speak, some of the historical riches of the glittering past of this tumultuous civilization. Many are the publications of an historical and anecdotic kind that initiate the stranger with charming grace into the secrets of the epochs past and gone. M. Henri d'Almeras has already offered a whole series of these delightful volumes, that show in all their color the intimate side of "Parisian life" (3) during the days of Marie Antoinette and Pauline Bonaparte, for instance, or during the periods of the Revolution and the Directory, and those of the Consulate and the Empire. His latest book is a similar study in what concerns the Restoration. There is a sort of pathetic fascination in the history of this pale and dull return of the Bourbons, after the flaming epic of Napoleon, the substitution on the throne of France of Louis the 18th, amiable, impotent and fat, for the haughty and irascible profile of that leader of men, the parvenu Emperor. Likewise there is something touching in the account of the young and delicious Duchess of Berry, niece of the Bourbons by her marriage with the nephew of the King, who

brought the southern vivacity from her native Sicily to brighten this wan and horror-haunted Court, pursued by the shades of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. M. D'Almeras turns back the clock of time and presents us, too, the boulevards at this period, and the theaters, with the great Talma and Mademoiselle Mars as stars. He even instructs us as to the establishment of the system of omnibuses, born at that epoch, and inaugurated as a great triumph of social progress. Pictures of the Court, of certain women celebrated at that time, secrets of intrigues and conspirations, the dramatic beginnings of Victor Hugo,—all these are to be found in a volume full of anecdotes, of local color and of real and enduring value for the reader who finds a joy in reconstituting the earlier history of a country and a people that he loves.

One of the "books of the day" in the realm of poetry is the work in French of M. Jean B. Dagher. This young Assyrian noble who, in the manner of the Orientals, is cosmopolitan in education and tastes, publishes two volumes in French, prepared by Parisian editors. Like all poets, M. Dagher reveals his own heart in his verses. And because his heart is pure, of lofty purpose, somewhat melancholy and disabused, there is the eternal charm of the aspiration of suffering humanity in his strophes. Child of the mysterious East, he puts into his paintings all instinctively the color and the fascination of Asiatic skies. The infinite history of those races that were the cradle of mankind sings in the philosophy of his poetic thought. It is certain that America, just because she is young and because she is "occidental," experiences a seduction in this opposite mentality. So in the "Morceaux Choisis," (4) containing "souvenirs of the Orient," in "Under the Ashes," in "Ideal and Realism," and in the volume entitled "Profiles and Landscapes," (5) one cannot fail to fall under the spell,—here of those burning colors and ancient souvenirs of Syria or Egypt,—there of the interior vision of the poet, penetrating in its psychological experience, impregnated with an idyllic charm, even where it is the least optimistic. "The Despairing," for instance, is a lyric of great beauty; "Victor Hugo" is an original and touching tribute to the genius influencing the childhood of one who dreamed out this period of youth in the East; and "The Brigand" is one of the most striking morsels of epical character that this Oriental poetry has given.

Paris possesses an association that does it honor artistically. The contemporary poets have come together and formed a "Salon of Poets," the aim of which is to reveal to the public, in gatherings open to all, the achievement and the aspiration of those who translate their life-impressions and experience in the form of beauty. Many are the strangers who assist at the weekly reunions during the season of the spring Salon of Painting and Sculpture;—for, by a charming thought, a vast chamber has been reserved in this "temple of the ideal" for the expression, by the spoken word, of a sister art. Thus French poetry not only increases its élite, but becomes from day to day a more living source, the guardian of those dreams and illusions that a scientific age has so ruthless a tendency to chase before its cruder positivism.

The poet who presides over the destinies of the Latin ideal in this Society is M. Victor Emile Michelet. His genius is of those which make a special appeal to our Anglo-American consciousness. For this national consciousness all too unjustly accused of concrete materialism, has retained in its profoundest depths the glamour and the unrest of the mystic experience. Much of French poetry lies cold on the heart of our simpler and more pious natures, just because its distinction, its erudition, seem too studied; its perfection, where not too philosophical, lacks that trembling before the unknown that even all the massive scholarship of Browning could not banish from his lines. M. Michelet belongs to the race of poet-mystics. He is akin to Poe in his love of the inexplicable-occult, to Baudelaire by a symbolism impregnated with a certain religious sentiment, divinely graven. Be it in his volumes of verse, like the "Golden Door," passage-way of the soul to the unspeakable secrets of time; or like the "Marvelous Hope" that guides the infancy of our human intelligence toward these supernatural realms; or in his prose, that is only another form of poetry, like the "Superhuman Tales," or "Love and Magic"; we are in contact with an imagination that enlarges the prison-house of our actual human faculties and lets in the eternal breath of a universe wider than the human dream. M. Michelet has just published a short prose-poem that will move all those who thrill before the conception of universal harmony. "The Heart of Alcyon," (6) in a rhythm all the deeper and graver that it is unhampered by rhyme, gives us the picture of the soul's eternal isolation,—that spiritual solitude due to the coming of sin into the world. The allegory of this problem, obsession of numberless poets of all tongues, takes here the image of the dispersion of worlds under the cosmic upheaval which, interrupting the unity of the spheres, thrusts into the eternal ether each star apart. Alcyon, according to the occult wisdom of the East, and to which this poet-lover of a universal Karma turns, prefigures the "heart of hearts," that divine and central essence to which all subsequent and separated universes turn in longing. To Satan, the prince of this world, humanity,—the humanity of all the planets,—owes its isolation from the divine and central source of being. But unforgetful of its shining origin, each soul of man and of matter turns toward that far-off heart of the cosmos, on which it one day will lean, when the poet's dream shall come true in the defeat of the prince of shadows and the triumph of love throughout the spheres.

A little romance that the author has laid on my desk, "Maïvine," (7) by M. Lucien Rolmer, is another expression, not lacking in poetry, of that torture of the soul that the author calls "the suffering for unity." The hero of this lyrical and winged story is, like Hamlet and like Faust, victim of the restless contradictions between passionate heart and impassable thought. M. Rolmer calls such souls "exiles," and the word is just, for they are divorced by the loftiness of their aspirations from the petty dilettantism that contents so many higher spirits. These moral exiles seem to carry the weight of the wisdom and suffering of ancient heredities. At the same time, their plenitude of feeling and an exalted craving for life make their hearts young and their minds alive to what the joys of love and self-realization might mean to man. Love is the "spring-tide of the individual's harmony," says their desire for personal happiness. But "sacrifice is the price of a rarer joy," answers the exalted aspiration of their souls. The hero of M. Rolmer's story sacrifices love and throws vainly away his individual

life for an ideal that he considers higher. It is the old dream of Nirvana that haunts even our modern world, and there is a cheating in its lure, just as there is a trick in the theory of the over-man, its opposite. The volume here is poetic and full of enthusiasm, for the author has made of it a veritable song of personal conviction.

Among the more serious works that ought to be noted, one must signalize a critical and documentary study by M. Albert Mathiez, "The Revolution and the Church" (8). The author is the president of an Historical Society for the study of Robespierre—that is to say, of a revolutionary epoch as centralized about this giant figure. M. Mathiez is one among the younger historians who has the greatest competence in revolutionary annals. His strong personality and vibrating word give him an authority peculiar to talent that has the right to be sure of itself. One can well imagine him a descendant of that supreme period where men affirmed their voluntary purpose toward a fuller life. The book under discussion is a research into the problem of the conflict of Church and State under the Revolution. The same conflict exists today and is familiar to the outside world under the name of anti-clericalism. But from anti-clericalism to anti-religiousness there is a gap. M. Mathiez, in considering the net-work of motives that constituted this controversy in Revolutionary times, shows that an attempt at de-christianization was far from the desire of those ancestors, and that even among the philosophers, such as Montesquieu, Voltaire or Jean Jacques Rousseau, the social utility of religion was recognized. The volume will be of deep interest to those who wish to unravel this disputed problem without an understanding of which no real comprehension of the spiritual color of the French Revolution can exist.

Another of the younger group of historical-economical writers must be noted. M. Etienne Antonelli accomplishes a valuable work by his studies in "Social Democracy" upon a multitude of questions relative to the social ideas that have made the France of today. His analyses of Proudhon, that famous socialist and publicist of the last generation, have evoked real admiration. He comments on the questions agitating the times, such as those pertaining to neutrality in the schools,—a vexed subject in republican France; or the quarrels of the modern faculties and "equivalences" in the questions of university degrees. All these matters are as much in view as the subject of "segregation" in the University of Chicago a few years since.

J. Y., *Membre des Critiques Francais.*

"Jane," said a lady rather sharply to her cook, "I must insist that you keep better hours and that you have less company in the kitchen at night. Last night you kept me from sleeping because of the uproarious laughter of one of your woman friends."

"Yis, mum, I know," was the apologetic reply; "but she couldn't help it. I was a-tellin' of her how you tried to make a cake one day."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Earth cannot long ensepulchre
  In her dark depths the tiniest seed:
When life begins to throb and stir,
  The bands of death are weak indeed.
No clods its upward course deter,
  Calmly it makes its path today:
One germ of life is mightier
  Than a whole universe of clay. —*Anon.*

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For Rent—An idle life.

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Pack 'em in, crowd 'em in, push 'em in, fifty deep if you have to, a hundred deep if you must. They're nothing but coops, those big flats, anwway. Keep them in your own yard, poor, little old New York.

We don't want 'em out West, where the real people live—the real people who'd rather have a little four-room cottage with a yard and an old walnut tree at the corner of the house, and a rosy face at the window, than all the $12,000-a-year flats in the world.—*Kansas City Post.*

There is no darkness on the earth,
  There is no cloud in heaven:
Each draws to each and both are filled,
  With the grace of the golden leaven.

Sing sweetly a song for the days that are gone,
  They were merry and glad and free:
But O for the days that are yet to come,
  And the joys that are yet to be. —Anon.

Back of the canvas that throbs,
  The painter is hinted and hidden:
Into the statue that breathes,
  The soul of the sculptor is bidden.

And up from the pits where these shiver,
  And up from the heights where those shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim starward:
  The essence of life is divine. —*Richard Realf.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

FOREIGN NOTES.

SWISS WOMEN SUFFRAGISTS.—*Le Signal de Geneve* is a paper to rejoice the hearts of suffragettes in every land. In proportion to its size, there are few papers anywhere so open to all phases of the woman question and nowhere are there more alert and active champions of the cause of woman than some of Geneva's leading citizens and publicists. Mr. A de Morsier, for one, is ever ready with tongue or pen to speak an eloquent word concerning the single standard of morals and the abolition of the regulation of vice, protection of women and children in the industrial world, and the justice and necessity of according political rights to women.

In a recent issue of the *Signal*, for example, the leading article (not a short one) is by Mr. de Morsier on the subject of Obscure Suffragettes. It is a caustic reply to the observations of a correspondent of the *Gazette de Lausanne* who, after speaking slurringly of the suffragette delegation recently received by Premier Asquith, as having no social or literary celebrites on its list, calls attention to the presence of "the distinguished novelist," Mrs. Humphrey Ward, among the anti-suffragettes and finds it very natural that the English Premier, and others, should consider a cause which commands such support a good one. Coming to the defense of the "obscure suffragettes," underpaid working girls and struggling young school teachers, Mr. de Morsier says:

"The cause of the suffragettes is that of the rights and dignity of all women: those unfortunate ones who will never get anything without their rights as citizens and the fortunate, who ought to understand that their good fortune and their money, if they happen to have any, are often won at the cost of the suffering of their proletarian sisters."

As might be expected, the Woman's Suffrage Association in Geneva is one of the strongest. A brief report of its annual meeting appears in this same issue of the *Signal*. The financial and executive report was presented by Mr. de Morsier, who also submitted a plan for a woman's organization for legislative study, which has been worked out by the suffrage groups of Vaud and Geneva. This course of study was duly approved, after which Madame de Maday-Henzelt read a paper on "Woman's Suffrage and the Protection of Woman's Labor," the first part of which is also reproduced in the *Signal* and will be continued. In connection, of course, with many of the usual arguments, the writer says to the law-making portion of the community:

"You wish to make laws for bettering the condition of woman. But you do not know *what* she needs for you do not allow her to make herself heard. Was it not on the pretext of protecting woman that she was not so very long ago refused admission to the liberal callings, to factories, offices, and, in short, to work in general. Yet has there been any inquiry into the causes which force women to leave the home fireside for toil in the mills?

"Here are some enlightening statistics on that point, collected by a factory inspector in Saxony: Of all the women questioned 1 per cent worked to aid the family, 2 per cent because the invalid husband earned nothing, 8 per cent because the husband would give nothing for household expenses, 50 per cent because the husband's earnings were inadequate, 18 per cent were widows and had to bear all the expenses of a family, 17 per cent worked to have an easier life and 4 per cent to put by something for their old age.

"It is plain then, that no mere caprice, but dire necessity drove most of these women to labor and that in forbidding it one might indeed protect them from the burdens of public life but only by subjecting them to the pangs of starvation." M. E. H.

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HOME GAMES OF THE WHITE SOX FOR THE SEASON OF 1910.

WHITE SOX AT HOME
ST. LOUIS (BROWNS)—July 1, 2, 3, 4, 4, Sept. 12, 13.
DETROIT (TIGERS)—July 29, 30, 31, Sept. 11, Oct. 6, 8, 9.
CLEVELAND (NAPS)—May 8, 29, June 25, 26, Sept. 5, 5, Oct. 1, 2.
WASHINGTON (SENATORS)—June 10, 11, 12, 13, Aug. 5, 6, 7, 8, Sept. 26, 27, 28.
PHILADELPHIA (ATHLETICS)—June 15, 16, 18, 19, Aug. 1, 2, 3, 4, Sept. 23, 24, 25.
NEW YORK (HIGHLANDERS)—June 3, 4, 5, Aug. 13, 14, 15, 16, Sept. 19, 20, 21.
BOSTON (RED SOX)—June 6, 7, 8, 9, Aug. 9, 10, 11, 12, Sept. 15, 17, 18.

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"Yn enw Duw a phob daioni"

Prospectus for 1910-1911.

PRINCIPALS: ELLEN C. LLOYD-JONES, JANE LLOYD-JONES.

Voice of Country Side

I teach
The earth and soil
To them that toil,
. . .
The plants that grow,
The winds that blow,
The streams that run
In rain and sun
Throughout the year;
And then I lead
Through wood and mead,
Through mould and sod
Out unto God.
With love and cheer
I teach.

—*Dr. L. H. Bailey, in "Outlook to Nature."*

CALENDAR FOR 24th YEAR
1910—1911

Fall term arrivals, Monday and Tuesday, September 19 and 20, 1910.
Enrollment and classification, Wednesday, September 21.
Christmas recess begins Friday, December 16. Work resumed Tuesday, January 3, 1911.
Easter recess begins Friday, April 7. Work resumed Tuesday, April 18.
School closes, June 15, 1911.
Terms, $450 per year.

This school is co-educational, non-sectarian, progressive and thorough. It prepares for universities and colleges, and for life. It recommends itself by its results: its success in the development of character, in the development of strong, normal bodies, and in the development of mind that gives the power to think and reason.

ITS COURSES:

The five different courses are planned with great care and exactness, so that each will give a broad development—resulting in the power to think and in the skill to do. Two of these courses are planned for those who do not expect to enter college, and the individual need of the student receives the first consideration. The limited number of students and the large corps of teachers make it possible to give individual attention when needed.

ITS LOCATION:

The school is located in the healthful region of Southern Wisconsin, on a valley farm, thirty-five miles west of Madison, three miles and a half from its nearest station, Spring Green, on the Prairie du Chien division of the C. M. and St. P. Railroad.

The Hillside Valley is a part of the Driftless Area and has great physiographic and geologic interests, affording unusual facilities for the study of the sciences, while the farm makes possible the approach of the fundamental problems of life from the side of experience and observation. The great laboratory of the out-of-doors makes clear and interesting the studies of the class-room. The pupil becomes acquainted first-hand with the object of his study. In his surroundings he sees the life-history of plant, insect, and bird. The location has also great historical interest, for it figures largely in the history of Territorial Wisconsin.

ITS EQUIPMENT:

The school plant consists of a central home building, containing the common dining-room, parlors, library, and rooms for the larger girls; a home building for the larger boys; two cottages, one for the smaller boys and one for the smaller girls. Each building is in charge of competent teachers who are also the home-makers of that particular group. There is also a school building equipped with science laboratories, gymnasium, shops, home science kitchen, art and music rooms. The entire plant has water-works, is heated by steam and lighted by gas.

ITS METHODS:

This Home School and school home both co-operate in making use of what is peculiarly shown in the development of sound minds in sound bodies, and in awakening the spirit of helpfulness, co-operation, and consideration for others. The various activities of the little community life are based upon the principle of self-activity. This results in much definite knowledge, and in that self-control which puts the self in accord with the general regime necessary for the common weal.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SCHOOL:

The spirit of the school is democratic. Pupils of various ages, conditions and locations are united into a harmonious family life.

The school seeks the patronage of those in accord with its aim: That culture which makes a person thoughtful, capable, and self-reliant, and which ripens into a reverent, earnest, and helpful spirit.

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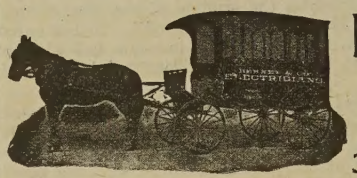

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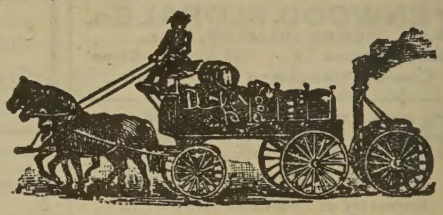

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